

The first warm wind of spring  
is like a celebrating child  
outside for the first time  
involved with discovery.  
Promise comes and will be kept  
but not when we are ready.  
We are ready too soon.  
Then one day we forget to believe  
and we are ready without believing.  
What do we do then?

his desire for my body  
this is all i care to know.  
he wishes me to learn philosophy  
read great lit.  
understand the abstract  
and  
communicate concretely.  
i study  
i even learn  
but i still wait for his desire  
for this is all i care to know.

It is good to grow old &  
watch the young girls giggle.

I watch his beard grow  
& it is a noisy watch  
the bumping of cells  
& telegrams to the center  
the squeaking of the thrust  
out into the air  
-- Birth --  
then, his mother said  
"It looks so grubby, son."